THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1846. WHOLE NO. 1280.

Original Poetry.

A DAY OF BLINDNESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY HENRY MORFORD.

Summer and Winter, land and sea,
To pain and sickness I have been;
And heavily the moments fell,
Till health should cover all return,
When God's fair earth was shut away,
When soul and body both were given,
And nothing living day by day,
Beside the moon, was in my room.

But I have never known till now,
How all our blessings can be proved,
And how the eyes beneath my brow,
Grew dearer as the night removed!
I have not known till this sweet day,
An morning light and leaves and bird,
How much of hope and comfort may
In such as even as these be.

To us upon a fever bed,
With head and feet cloaked weak and low,
And hour crawl their slow minutes dead,
May come so many a weary time;
But oh, to have that trouble o'er,
And know that still those minutes were,
How would it wring the spirit's tears,
With humble thankfulness, to bless God!

But on that bed to lie again,
And hear the steps of many round,
And voices and adieus, yet more in vain,
To find one heart to match the sound,
To turn our eyeballs wearily,
Beneath the dark and closed lid,
And blood-like eyes beg, and be
The sight of one dear face forbid.

This—this is pain—no morning light,
No cheerful sun, no evening shade,
But our eternal blank of night,
Like that before the world was made:
And oh, to linger thus for years,
And see no thine the thousands of old,
It well might wring the strong man's tears,
When all beside would find him cold.

Middletown, N. J., June. 13, 1846.

Original Tales.

THE SELF TORMENTOR.
A Story of Jealous Love.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "NOW OR NEVER."

CHAPTER I.

The marriage ceremony was over; the clergyman took the hand of the pale and trembling bride, and in silence led her from the altar to the seat where was in waiting. The bridal party gathered round them and embraced the bride, whilst the young bridegroom stood pale and silent at the side of his bride. He was talking the young girl in a distant home, he away from all that she loved. He placed her at the carriage, bowed to the company, got into the closed, and they were quickly out of sight!

Such a one Matilda Arthur became, and such was Miss Grey, one of the bridesmaids. "It is my opinion that Arthur Maxwell cares no more for his bride than he does for me!" said Miss Grey, as she drew out where my name, often as he has heard me call dear Alice."

We must not judge too harshly," said Miss Cartwright, another bridesmaid, and a very dear friend of her sister. "Mr. Maxwell has strong feelings, or there is no truth in the expression of an eye—and such splendid eyes as he has! Our dear friend will love him, I am sure, and he cannot help it—however, which I doubt, he would not long continue so, he would soon learn to love her thoroughly —I have no doubt on that score, at least."

Arthur Maxwell was indeed capable of loving and passionately, too, but he had peculiar disposition which likes not to let the emotion of the heart be seen. Alice Devon was an orphan, her mother died when she was an infant, and her father devoted himself to her welfare and education. About a year before his death, a friend of his, the father of Arthur Maxwell, died in the West Indies. Devon, that he might take advantage of a class that was forming in the neighborhood to learn the German language. After was this accomplished, and in another year his father intended to send him abroad with an excellent man, who was a fine scholar and had travelled a great deal. Mr. Maxwell's father died suddenly, and he attributed it to an inactive life he determined. therefore that he would leave home. To remain the separation less painful, he thought it best to let him spend a year at no great distance from him, and, as his guardian was to be absent from home, he son had a law suit pending, Arthur was sent to spend the year with Mr. Devon.

Mr. Maxwell was immensely rich; he lived in the country, and his house and grounds were an delay what such vast wealth would procure. The house stood in a park, and was filled with all that taste in short, few gentlemen establishment in England could surpass this one of Mr. Maxwell's.

Arthur's mother, Matilda, and Mr. Devon's little daughter looked up to him as a young prince, such as she had read of in fairy tales. He became very fond of her and called her his little wife, and this was received as a truth by Alice, so she thought that all the love that could be spared from her father must be given to Arthur.

At the end of a year the young man left Mr. Devon, and with his father, Arthur, set sail for England. Poor little Alice wept a great deal at parting, but he told her to dry her eyes and learn her book, and when he was a man grown, he would come back and live with her father again.

Alice never forgot him, she read all his letters to her father, and when Mr. Maxwell paid them a visit, and brought those letters which he had received, she read them also. But there was no mention of his "little wife," he asked after Alice now and then, and hoped she was attending to her studies, but that was nothing more; and the girl, now in her teens, no longer complained to her father of the omission.

Mr. Maxwell, thinking that change of scene would benefit his health, and being very lonely, paid another visit to Devon. He had not been there more than a week before Mr. Devon was seized with a severe illness, and remained in this state for nearly a month, during which time he had but a few private conversations with Mr. Maxwell, and this gentleman made his mind easy on the subject that distressed him, for he knew that every thing was determined, scarcely sufficient to support his family; he had lost the principal part of his property in the destruction of the Bank of United States, and his daughter would have very little of the fortune he intended for her.

Mr. Maxwell was a generous, warm hearted man; he told his friend that Alice should be his child, and that he never would let her want, as her father had met with any losses. That she should live with him, and if Arthur and she fancied each other, he would give his consent to their marriage.

Poor Alice felt the death of her father severely, and Mr. Maxwell, pitying the young girl, took a month with her, and then finding that the violence of her grief had subsided, told her that she must now prepare to return home with him. He paid all the little duties, made arrangements with Mr. Maxwell, the clergyman of the little town, to take the house, and when all was satisfactorily done, he was ready to depart.

But he was never destined to see his pleasant home again. He was talking to his coachman at the door when the horses started at something that was passing, and turned suddenly. Mr. Maxwell being the nearest to them sprang forward to catch the bridle, his foot slipt, he fell and broke his leg. It was a compound fracture, and was set with great difficulty, and what rendered it more painful, the uncle of his other foot was sprained.

A son of Mr. Morland, a young man of twenty, who had been a faithful and tender nurse to Mr. Devon, now took his station at the side of Mr. Maxwell, and he and Alice did every thing in their power to alleviate the mental sufferings of the sick man. It is of these mental sufferings that I shall speak of these around us, and trails long hidden are now brought to light. We are, on seeing the shyness and quiet manners of Alice, could imagine that she was possessed of energy and forethought. During her father's illness she did nothing but weep, for his disease was of such a nature as to prevent a movement from being made! But with Mr. Maxwell it was different; he was equally weak from the confinement, and as the house did not suit, he was long considered to his bed.

In this state he remained three months, and then it was found necessary to amputate the limb. When the operation was performed he gave utterance, and now began to look forward to his journey home; the physicians thought he might be well enough to undertake it in the course of a month or six weeks.

Arthur said or more. He suspected that Arthur's late letters had hinted at unfeelingness of this nature, and he felt sorry that his young friend was about to be made unhappy. He, too, thought it quite natural to return home; they had been absent six months, and by the end of that time was desirable. He told Arthur, who was impatient to get away, that he would remain and attend to the business of preparing and packing the various articles that their joint taste had selected.

Alice was quite unprepared for Arthur's arrival. His last letter spoke of difficulties, and it was April when he reached America, but her heart told her that he did not come to soon. Before going to Oakland, he went to Fairfield—the superintending house of his country seat—that he might indulge his greatest grief for the loss of his mother and to see his steward and family. Every letter Arthur received from Alice proved to him how rapidly she was improving—and every letter he got from Devon assured him that the young man was deeply in love with Alice. His own love for Alice had, sometimes, increased so much at intimacy, by hearing her then praised, that he feared that if she had really given her affections to another, he should be unhappy.

At length he could bear the suspense of absence no longer. He told Mr. Archer that he should now return home—that he was satisfied with travel, and henceforth he intended to live like a hermit, and think over the scenes he had passed through—his library being his sole companion.

Mr. Archer laughed. He said it was a very wise resolution, and that it was hardly worth while to throw away so much time and money for an end so worthless. But, added he, you will never accomplish your project while I remain—I am a gay man, with an elegant mansion, beautiful and extensive grounds, to say nothing of the stationary pelisings and books you have collected, and never be permitted to let play herself. Miss Devon would never choose a hermit for a husband.

"Oh, I dare say she has made a satisfactory choice already," said Arthur, endeavoring to speak with indifference.

Archer

His eye moved! he was saved! for his own boat had touched the shore, and his own boy was in his arms! He had been dashed on the head, and was stunned, but he had kept afloat until the boat came to him. He folded his child to his heart.

"Where is your mother?" he exclaimed. "Where is Mary?" "Drowned!" said the child, and Norman's heart died within him. The Pottawatomie Prairie Chief stood on the shore, and the Indians, without even the trouble of launching their canoes, swam off to the boat. "Where is your mother?" was the question addressed to the distant mother."

"Whom, where?" was echoed by the group, and he pointed out what he feared was the drowned body. They eagerly steered their canoes to the floating thing; in a few moments, however, all perceived it, and it was impossible to tell the direction in which its course lay.

Norman saw the agony of remorse; it continued however, but for a short time! a boat was evidently advancing towards the shore; in a few moments they could faintly perceive a man at the helm, waving his hat above his head, and soon after the well known back of Norman was borne to them by the breeze. The family rushed to the extremity of the rude pier, and the loud hosana of the fisherman's wife and child by the "Lord's anointed — of his fathers, and the almost inarticulate "thank God!" of his wife.

And now all was joy and happiness in the cottage where there had been so much wretchedness; the fisherman, his boy, and his dog, were safe from the perils of the great lake, but he would return no more to questions, as to what he detained him so long. "Well, my wife," said he, "I said we have enemies, and relentless ourselves, and you shall know all, and you will see, as do others, let us bless God for all his mercy, for out of great danger hath he preserved us."

Never was there a more sincere or more earnest prayer offered up to the Giver of all goodness, than ascended from the humble dwelling. And when the afternoon had left his isle, how fervently did they all repeat the words that had given them so much satisfaction in the morning.

"Pardon let him be whom trust is to his God."

United States
SATURDAY POST.

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SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

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OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The story of the "Self-Tormentor" has an all mirable moral. The fault of the hero is to unreasonable, and most of our readers are possessed of the same failing. Our friend, Mr. Jones, knew no Arthur himself. On our side page is a Backwood's story, written by a lady whose own experience qualifies her to speak of the trials and privations of a border life. Every body should read "Flora." The Rising Tide" is a thrilling sketch. In our next we propose to give a series of two lectures, a letter from Europe, an account of a great battle in South America, and other matters well calculated to please and instruct.

It is our pendant duty to record, this week, no less than two fatal duels. The account of each will be found under the head of Foreign News. It is to be hoped that, at some future day, the non-called spirit of honor which prompts to such encounters, may be checked. This country has suffered severely from duels. Two of her promising statesmen—Hamilton and Decatur—have fallen in the midst of their career, by their barbarous practice. Hundreds of private families have lost a favorite husband, brother or father, by the same savage method of settling disputes. In several of the States public opinion has happily become strong enough to render dueling a penal act, and we succeeded, a few weeks since, the case of a man in Alabama, who had been sent to the Penitentiary for this offence. But the evil, though it may be lessened, can never be effectually cured by legislation. Public sentiment will continue to prompt high-spirited men to the resort of the duels, until those false notions themselves shall be eradicated by early moral culture. It is impossible to relieve the present generation in this respect; but if mothers early impress on their children a proper horror of dueling, those who succeed us may be free from this great crime. If we instil into the youthful mind the principle that no one has a right to the lives of others, and that no one can prevent our killing an adversary from being murder, then, and not till then, can a stop be put to this pernicious practice. We must teach the child that any practice so opposed to the laws of God and man, is dishonorable, and a crime. We must instruct him that, although that it is not only murder, but murder of the basest kind to take advantage of our skill in a duel, as is too often done. Never yet probably was two men opposed to each other in a duel in exactly similar circumstances. It is a strange coincidence which teaches that, because a man has excelled us, we should give him a chance to shoot us.

We attended, last week, to some matters connected with prison discipline. It pains us to call the attention of the reader to the case of a convict in the Auburn Penitentiary, who was whipped to death. The account will be found in another column. There is no doubt that whipping is, in some cases, necessary, even under the Auburn system, at least Miss Dix, who cannot be accused of undue severity, admits that whipping cannot be wholly dispensed with. But such punishment should be administered in secret. Neither should the lashe be in a passion while administering it. We fear that, in the present case, the account forgot both these cautions, and that, in consequence, a great wrong has been done. The Legislature of New York has already taken notice of the affair by instituting an official inquiry. For the sake of other unprotected prisoners let condign punishment be visited on the offender.

In the separate system of confinement adopted in Pennsylvania, the punishment of prisoners by whipping is prohibited,—a dark cell being substituted, with such success, that the number of times punished is three times as great at Sing Sing as at Philadelphia. The case of the last just hinted at deserves to be recorded in the history of separate prisons. Miss Dix, in her late work, narrates an instance quite as great as this. Not long ago it became necessary to remove a female from one of the prisons to another, and the physician forgot to report the fact of the prisoner's insanity. Accordingly he was asked to walk, and on Monday, was ordered to be put for obstinacy. He still refused. Fearing he might be insane the keeper put him in the wagon with the warden and the usual obstinacy, and ordered him to be whipped again. That night the man died; and the physician reported that he died from the effect of the lash.

Mulierism, we regret to see, is still making occasional ravages. A melancholy case of the evil produced by this fanaticism, lately occurred at Belchertown, Mass. A Mr. Ebenezer Walker, of that place, went raving mad in consequence of the preaching of a Millerite, and after running through the village streets almost entirely naked, and attempting to put an end to his life, died a maniac.

We regret that the prospect of a war grows more and more certain! It is possible we may yet be dragged into a brawl with Mexico; but there is no danger of a contest with England, if we sincerely desire peace. The opinion is now general at Washington that we can both maintain our rights, and avert a war! We congratulate our friends on this happy result.

Some of our subscribers having desired more agricultural matter, we have complied with their wish, and shall devote more space hereafter to the "Farmer's Department."

LATER FROM ATLANTIC.

Resolution Commended—Our Minister Insulted—A War Ship Ordered to Vera Cruz—Mexican Affairs.

We have intelligence from Mexico to the 15th ult., by way of New Orleans. On the 13th of January the Congress of Mexico was opened with a speech by the commissioner of Paredes but the contents of which we have not learned. The speech was followed by the reading of the correspondence between the Mexican and American Ministers, which has been already published. Gen. Almonte left the city of Mexico on the 10th ult. for Europe.

Gen. Herrera was elected President by a convention of Notables, two from each department, on Dec. 30th. The Congress met on the 6th of January, when he was to be made in the presence of the Republic, with extraordinary solemnity, to counteract the effect of the threat of annexation to the United States. Gen. Herrera in all serious State affairs; the authorities of the departments to remain undisturbed. Both were to be elected for four years. The Congress was to continue in the exercise of its faculties, as heretofore; persons political opinions to be respected."

The most important intelligence, however, is the refusal of the new government to receive our Minister. When Mr. Slidell applied for his passports after you announced that the government have refused to receive him, and that he might go where he pleased. He then waited for a guard to be ordered him, but was not supplied. A courier is in circulation that, on this, Mr. Slidell sent word of his situation to the officers of the U. S. brig of war Somers, lying off Vera Cruz, and that they had volunteered to go to Jalapa for him and escort him thence to the vessel. This intelligence reached the city of Mexico, and it is said that the Minister, who had received his passports, was to wait at Puebla, for further instructions from our Government. The New Orleans paper, in relating this to our Minister, says that the circumstance of the refusal to receive Mr. Slidell is considered by the citizens of Mexico as a declaration of war.

Intelligence from Havana thrown some light on the matter. It appears that the Spanish Minister at Mexico, whose presence on that native itself satisfied. A correspondent of the Picayune says that Mr. Slidell was receiving a report of the Spanish Minister in Mexico, gave up his former residence and took another by the month. By the British steamship on the 15th ult. from Vera Cruz, a special messenger came to him and returned on the 17th ult. to Vera Cruz. He thence, the report is that Gen. Paredes has been the cause of very perplexing factions, was led by Almonte, of the Santa Ana faction, and the other got up by the British and Spanish Ministers, which is called the monarchical party. The last party promise to secure the integrity of the country, preserve California, and recover Texas, and that in this England, France and Spain will support Mexico. The Picayune says their correspondent's speculations are entitled to great weight in consequence of his accuracy heretofore upon the movements of his own and other governments.

The Washington Union, of Monday evening says, however, that the official despatches do not confirm the statements of the Vera Cruz correspondent. But the Union seems to regard the preservation of peace as doubtful, since the Maxims government has for its hands, Paredes and Almonte.

PENNSYLVANIA SCHOOLS.

The Annual Report of the Superintendent of Common Schools for the State of Pennsylvania, shows that the whole number of School Districts in the State, for the year 1844, was one thousand one hundred and seventy-two, and the number of accepting districts, nine hundred and thirty-nine, and the number of non-accepting districts two hundred and thirty-three an increase of twenty-two districts that year. The whole number in the year 1843, was one thousand one hundred and eighty-nine, and the number of accepting districts one thousand and twelve, leaving one hundred and seventy-seven non-accepting districts that year. This exhibits an increase during the year 1844, in the whole number of districts, of seventeen, and an increase of fifty-six in the accepting districts, and a decrease the non-accepting districts in the State, from two hundred and thirty-three to one hundred and seventy-seven. The whole number in the year 1843, was one thousand one hundred and eighty-nine, and the number of accepting districts one thousand and twelve, leaving one hundred and seventy-seven non-accepting districts last

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HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO INSURE PUBLISHERS.

As some difficulties have arisen on the subject of the transmission of money to publishers of periodicals, under the operation of the new Post Office law, we think proper to give the following synopsis of the regulations under which money may be paid:

The Post Master where the money (not exceeding ten dollars in amount) is deposited, must give a receipt to the person depositing it, stating the name of the person whose account is deposited. This receipt must be sent to the Publisher, who becomes responsible for the money, from the time the money is paid.

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The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

Post Office, Boston, September 10, 1845.

To the Publishers of Philadelphia:

Sir—I have this day received of John Ealeigh, two dollars for his subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," which will be paid to you on demand, by the Post Master at Philadelphia. Please send the receipt to the Post Master, to be forwarded to the subscriber.

(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail an acknowledgment similar to the following, is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

Post Office, Boston, September 10, 1845.

To the Post Master at Philadelphia:

Sir—I have this day received of John Ealeigh, two dollars for his subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," which I have paid to the Publishers. Please credit the same to the subscriber.

(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulations, can transmit, by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

Notices of New Works.

OVER THE OCEAN, OR GLIMPSES OF TRAVEL IN MANY LANDS. *By a Lady of New York. 1 vol. New York: Paran & Burgess. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.* 1845. The author of this book is evidently a sprightly and well meaning woman; but, without wishing to be severe, we must say, that we think that her volume is full of errors in grammar, and often disfigured by gross ignorance. Such a sentence as "she and her husband lived Brooklyn Abbey, because they loved "it was a beautiful ruin," and did not know Sir Walter Scott was entombed there, and many others shows his grave" As a specimen of the author's grammar we quote the following description of a storm, in which somebody and verbs play such strange tricks with each other, that we cannot help thinking the author knows his grammar, but is careless:

"They were through the different evolutions and it was thought the danger was over, *when their hands was most delightful.* They all stood in one place before us, and prayed, whilst the vessels were performing the last duty. We were surrounded by thirty-two steamers standing together in three. This was a most awful moment. The Captain told us we were not that the evening of *no concern*, but that the storm would three hours."

On nearly every page we find some provincialism, which, if the book were not by a woman, would be unpardonable in New York, would have occasioned us also to have found fault with the author's spelling. Thus, on page 71, that "the tea and breakfast are *stired* table." Just before, she speaks of "the people of their parts." On page 58, she says that "the Mediterranean Sea is carried over the tops of houses, and reminds," and on page 59 we are informed of everything above and *around and about.*" On page 56, she says; speaking of the engraver of a view of Naples, that she was asked to hold and a half long, and the way he did about upon this occasion. This is not English. We have, nevertheless, however insignant, may be forgiven in conversation, they may even be overlooked in a letter hurriedly composed; but that they should be committed to a printed book, evinces, to say the least, lamentable carelessness on

But the volume is not without merit. Much of it, indeed, is a valuable addition to our literary of European travels, for the author has evidently taken great pains to obtain information from the observations of scholars, artists, and statesmen with whom she has mingled during her journeys from these and at the feet of a fashionable lady while she gossips of the strange things she saw in her her "Encouragement of the Fine Arts" in the European visit to the Tower of London as follows:—"Our next visit was to the Tower. In itself a dark and bloody history of England. *The hard one had to gentle us through it* well sent us when I was instead of a volume now." But when she visits Madame Tussaud's exhibitions of Wax Figures, she has more taste:—"Napoleon on horseback!" "Then there was another room," she says, "devoted entirely to things belonging to Napoleon, *himself standing in a* of others, by the side of which was a model of the bed which his son was actually turned, and in it a wax figure of the dead emperor. Over the head of the bed was his father, and opposite the very bed on which Napoleon died at St. Helena, and by the side of which he stood. We can imagine the glee with which the author ran up and down the exhibition room examining the various objects, and fancy the disappointment with which she turned from the Tower, where nothing but sad looking trees and gloomy walls met her view.

But the author is not always so trifling. She has recorded many things worth knowing, which other travellers appear to have considered beneath their notice; and has thus given a correct idea of European life, which is derived from more elaborate works. She seems to take especial interest in the management of the charitable institutions of the day. The fact that the volume is a series of letters, originally written for circulation among friends, may account for the want of system which appears in many of her facts. It is to be regretted that she possessed no knowledge of the art of reducing her observations, prior to publication.

The volume is printed in the usual elegant style of Paine & Burgess.

ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE, *for February*, is on our table, embellished with four beautiful engravings and the usual pages of reading matter. The illustrations are all excellent: "Infidelity," and the "Lovers Quarrel" are both beautiful. Of the contents we cannot speak so advisedly, but they are from our best writers, and therefore, we presume, good. "Dr. Mingault's Favorite," is the portrait of the editor we have had time to read, is a fine tale story, and the wit of the author will not injure it.

Godey's MAGAZINE, *for February*, contains two beautiful steel engravings, one entitled "The Battle Ground at Trenton," the other called "The Fair Chess." But the gem of the number is a large and splendid plate of fashion plate, which represents two ladies talking in the most approved manner from Tom Thumb. The plate is very pretty got up, and does Mr. Godey credit. The literary contents are from the pens of Mrs. Hewitt, Mrs. Kirkland and Miss Leslie being contributors.

FORGOTTEN TOO; or, THE LAUDABLE THINGS BALANCE. *By C. E. Lester. 2 vols. 12mo. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.* 1845. This is a very interesting tale, told with an excellent moral. The volume is well printed, and handsomely bound.

THE HISTORY OF A TOOL. *By G. P. R. James, Esq. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.* 1845. This is a very readable novel, forming the thirteenth number of Harper's Pocket Edition of Select Novels.

SHAKSPEARE. *By Nicholas Rowe. 1 vol. Philadelphia: Perrett & Co.* This excellent novel is printed in a cheap, but handsome form, and may be had of persons throughout the country, by remitting one dollar.

Leaves. The Heroes Maiden. 1 vol. Philadelphia: Perrett & Co. 1845. This is a translation from the French, of one of Dumas's novels. The publication is the celebrated Leaves of Art. The romance is very thrilling.

CHRISTIAN MANUMIS, *for February*. One number of this periodical has not come to hand: but feeling sure the Palestine number elsewhere, we can safely to us again.

THE ILLUSTRATED WASHINGTON. *No. 11. Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston have laid on our table* the newly published number.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

HARRISBURGH, Feb. 6th, 1846.

Very little has been done during the past week in either House. The only matter of general interest transpired in the Senate, is the loan, in the House, of the bill to reduce the capital stock of the Erie and North-east Railroad. Messrs. Trego and Reynolds opposed the bill as a gift to the City of New York. New York the trade of Erie Harbor. Mr. Johnson of Erie, said others, supported the bill. The vote stood, yeas 49, nays 26.

The Tariff resolutions are still under debate. So also is the question of granting the right of way through Pennsylvania to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The various Standing Committees have reported numerous bills of local interest, which I shall not trouble you with unless they pass.

Various Matters.

☞ We find in the Tuscaloosa (Alabama) Journal, a report submitted to the House of Representatives of that State, by a special committee, upon the subject of the Domestic Slave trade. The report is accompanied by a bill prohibiting, under heavy penalties, the introduction of slaves by gift or sale or amendments. The object of this movement is thus stated by the editor of the Journal:—"It is to counteract the tendency that our slave population is becoming too numerous for the interest and security of the citizens of the State, and that non-resident planters send their slaves among us and withdraw the proceeds of their labor to be expended in other States. They further express the fear that, as yesterday her opinion is setting itself against the continuation of slavery in Kentucky, Virginia, and other States, we may be overrun with that class of population."

☞ Jersey City, opposite New York, is springing forward prosperously. During the last year forty-three buildings were put up in Jersey City; at an aggregate cost of $81,300; and seventy-three in Van Vorst township, (adjacent) at an estimated cost of $93,000; making a total of one hundred and sixteen two-story buildings, and aggregate cost of $160, 750. The number in Jersey City is three more than the number put up in Van Vorst.

☞ A fire lately commenced in a forest near Hartford, Connecticut, and before it was stayed, had burned thirteen mills, 1,850 barns, 77,800 ricks of hay, and an immense quantity of wood for fuel. Two thousand sheep, 63 cattle, and 215 head of cattle were burned to death.

☞ One of the most extraordinary instances of rapid travelling that we have met with, is that of the London Morning Herald. It contained on that day the American news by the Cambria, by special express, from the King's Arms in Liverpool to the evening of the Chambers, and the Overland Mail from India The latter reached London from Bombay in twenty-eight days—the shortest time on record.

☞ A decision was lately rendered in the Baltimore County Court, by Judge Legrand, in the case brought by the owners of the steamboat Boston, to recover $70, the amount charged for the use of said boat whilst employed as executors on Sunday. The Court pronounced that the contract having been made on the Sabbath, and consequently in violation of law, it was necessarily void.

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☞ A blazing meteor, "as large as a barrel," traversed through some 300 miles of the atmosphere in Georgia, and on the borders of Florida, on Saturday night between 10 and eleven o'clock. A tremendous noise, shaking the earth for a great distance, attended it.

☞ A series of the railway signals for the night, or in cases of fog, planned by Mr. Thomas Forsyth, is recommended by the locomotive superintendent of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, at Manchester, have lately been tried, and are highly spoken of.

☞ The quantity of cranberries sold at Faneuil Hall market, Boston, during the present season and up to about eight thousand bushels! which, at $2 per bushel, the average price at which they were sold, amounted to $24,000.

☞ In Sweden, it is no uncommon thing to see the most employed in knitting stockings, while the women reap the more spinning wool, weaving, looking after the farm, and teaching the children to read, all at the same time.

☞ The King of Bavaria has issued a decree, ordering that in future all persons killed in duels, or who have committed suicide, shall be interred without religious ceremony of any kind.

General News.

☞ Mock excitement prevails at Auburn, New York, in consequence of the death of a convict at the State Prison, who, it is said, was whipped to death. A correspondent of the Boston Transcript says:—According to the best information I can obtain, the convict was whipped both Tuesday and Wednesday—receiving Tuesday 46, and Wednesday 94 blows with the cat o' six tails—making 140 We, Figures, did you ever count?—and died on Thursday. "Then there was another room," she says, "devoted entirely to things belonging to Napoleon, *himself standing in a* of others, by the side of which was a model of the bed which his son was actually turned, and in it a wax figure of the dead emperor. Over the head of the bed was his father, and opposite the very bed on which Napoleon died at St. Helena, and by the side of which he stood. We can imagine the glee with which the author ran up and down the exhibition room examining the various objects, and fancy the disappointment with which she turned from the Tower, where nothing but sad looking trees and gloomy walls met her view.

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Miscellaneous News.

☞ Joseph Fiddler Reedy, the Teller of the Suffolk Bank of North America, for whose apprehension a reward of $500 was offered by the Bank, has been arrested in New York; $1,000 of the Bank's money was found upon him. Reedy stated that he had gambled away $10,000 before he left, and that all he took at his departure was another $6,000. His gambling accomplice was also arrested, a person who keeps a gambling house in Quebec, and one in Montreal.

☞ Some miscreant, has recently disfigured Greenough's statue of Washington, which stands in the Capitol grounds, and of the figure of Columbus, standing on the pedestal of the statue. We cannot tell what the offence is. It is certain, however, that a challenge followed, and the parties met yesterday morning, on the Maryland shore, when the weapons were pistols at the distance ten paces. At the second fire Mr. Kane was mortally wounded in the neck, the ball severing the jugular vein and causing death in a few minutes."

☞ A duel was fought at Hazlewood, on Monday last, between Mr. Elizabeth City, North Carolina, Johnson, with the challenged party. He was the family physician of Mr. Johnson, and Dr. David Johnson, both of Elizabeth City, North Carolina. Johnson was

Choice Poem.

"HAPPY AT HOME."

BY MRS. F. OSGOOD.

Let the gay and the idle go forth where they will,
And be it what nature of misery see strive!
I ask not that Luxury contain my room
With Summer's rose Valley's exquisite breeze;
The sunlight of Heaven is precious to me,
And with still is it blessing the face of the free.
The elegant trifles of Fashion and Wealth
I need not—I ask but for comfort and health:
With these and my dear ones I vow not to crave,
For, oh! I am happy, most "happy at home!"

One bright little baby adorns my cozy play,
Unfinished of speaking, but ready array;
Where he, too—ever deepest of all in the love
May find the sweet mother he loves at his breast!
The fire blazing warmly—the sofa drawn nigh!
And the one lamp alight on the table above!
A few cozy pictures in simple frames dotted,
A few precious volumes—the wealth of the mind,
And here and there treasured some rare gem of art,
To kindle the fancy or soften the heart,
Then coldly surrounded, why, why should I roam?
Oh! am I not happy—most "happy at home!"

The little one's merry of freaks and of play,
Needs down on one bosom—see Ellen and May!
And softly the empty, affectionate prayer,
Goes up from the lights of household and hearth!
And now are they heave us, sweet kisses and light
They lovingly, beaming their evening "good night!"
While I with my needle, my book, or my pen,
Or in company with him, am contented again!
And ever—"Can I ever be tempted to roam,
While blessings like these make me happy at home?"

A Backwood's Story

FLORA.

BY MRS. H. N. SARGENT.

"Are you sure, Flora, you have this stranger well enough to leave mother, sisters, friends and home for him; and permit me to add so easy life of social, enjoyment among friends for unknown expectations?"

Flora's cheek was varying through all the shades from pale to crimson, as with earnest voice and tearful eyes her mother thus questioned her, and her trembling fingers scarcely held the needle with which she was embroidering some trifle. Mrs. Worthington waited a few minutes, and as Flora did not speak, she continued:

"I need not repeat what you have so often heard, that marriage is the most important step in a woman's life. Men may marry injudiciously, and for a time, may be very unhappy; but a thousand avenues lie open through which they may seek relief from the annoyance of a disagreeable companion. Ambition has been kept up the dazzling accent to fame, or the acquisition of wealth may engross his time and energies: and he seems in many objects abroad to divide his attention that his home may become only like his boarding-house, where however prominent such a state of affairs may be, his is not an absorbing grief, he does not lose caste in the world, and he can accept that position to which his wealth or condition may entitle him, and may select his own associates. On the contrary the wife becomes a cipher in the eye of the law, a creature to be supplied with the necessary comforts of life but as his ability may procure them for her, to enjoy such society only as his circles in life may afford, for she sinks at once to his level, and perhaps becomes the inmate of his fireside. All this requires a very devoted degree of attachment, and unless a woman can truly say in the touching language of Ruth, 'my country shall be thy country, and whither thou goest I will go also,' she had better pause, for reposing after marriage is an hopeless or unexpected, and never is aught of itself of the sympathy it may excite. This man is, I admit, handsome and agreeable, but he is a stranger of whose connexions we know nothing, but with whose habits and prejudices, he everybody but ourselves, you would illumine our path of duty. Flora, he sues you love him with that true love that admits no diminution, and let me think when I lose my daughter that her happiness is built on a sure basis by the sacrifice," and the tears which she could no longer suppress coiled down the mother's cheek.

Flora leaned her head on her hands and wept also, but she spoke no word.

"Tell me truly, my daughter, do you love this Freeman well enough to abandon all that is dear to you, for new and untried friends and scenes?"

"Dear mother it is very—very hard to part with you, but——"

"But harder to part with Freeman. So it is, Flora—and may the Father of the orphan bless you, my daughter," and Mrs. Worthington hastened to shut herself in her chamber to give vent to her sorrow and anxiety in tears.

Flora was the youngest of four sisters who were all married but herself. She was just twenty-two, rather handsome, very agreeable, and a favorite in the circle in which she moved; but a slight tinge of malice that sometimes spoiled her merriment, gave evidence of latent temper that the vexations of life had not yet drawn out. The fact of her dark eye and the haughty cast of her crimson lip, when crossed in any little plan she had formed, and on one of a spirit that would joy in the severest moments of life—but that life had hitherto flowed so placidly, that even she fancied herself good tempered.

A few months previous to the date of our story, she had been introduced, by one of her brothers-in-law, to a young stranger from the extreme west of our country—or rather what was the extreme west some years since—when as a mission of some public nature connected with State affairs, from the section to Congress. By one of those unaccountable freaks that human passion threatens to give rational reasons for, Flora fell in love, and the stranger fell in love too, especially after hearing she was promised to a love thousand dollars. He first saw Flora's declared and accepted lover—and as he assured her 'he could not live' without she accompanied him home; and she too—poor dear child—if she had to remain all winter in the city without coming home, was arranged they should immediately be married, and Mrs. Worthington was to give a reluctant consent. Flora prepared to follow him with the utmost trust of woman, and then give another commentary on the old saying of "marry in haste and repent at leisure."

It was a beautiful autumn evening when the city bred girl arrived at her husband's home. They had taken a carriage at the landing on the river, and the billowy prairies spread in living carpet of green for all the eye could reach, while the scarcely perceptible road wound on through its blossoming luxuriance. Soon a tall house lifted its unfinishing line among the bricken, and as they journeyed on a clearing began to be made, the long waving cast of the smoke ascending by day into the serene sky at night. At first appeared large corn fields, then a barn, and lastly a log cabin built on the verge of the wood, but not close enough to be benefitted by its shade, while felled timber and cornstalks, wood-chips and pig-pens obstructed the path to the door of the cabin and lowly dwelling. There was a dark red spot on Freeman's cheek as he apprehended his home, and to Flora's eager questions relative to her family, he gave such brief and unsatisfactory answers that a long silence sank down over them. Flora felt chilled by his reserve. A lot ten out of a field and in joyful haste hailed her brother, while his white head, bare and sunny, and his whole form excited a surprised stare from Flora. Throwing him the reins, Freeman lifted his bride to the ground, and in that moment the old woman in a red flannel dress, white cambric cap and blue apron came to the door, and striking her thumb into the short stemmed pipe she was smoking, she gave a loud cry of joy and grasped the hand of Freeman. Flora stood back, so she extended her hand the next moment to her, and only permitted the fair girl her gloved fingers to come in contact with the hardened and sinewy hand that so rudely welcomed her. It never occurred to her that Susan Freeman had once been as soft as hers, until exposed to toil and hardships for him, whom she had preferred to all the world, and that here, in turn, might become as rigid in time. She only felt disgust and surprise at her uncouth costume, and dropped not to reflect how many sterling virtues might be covered by the coarse, homespun garb. Several fine, sun-burned young men, all in country garb, came crowding in, and as Freeman presented each in turn the formally curtsied to each, and with a flushed cheek and confused brow took on the chair the mother of the family offered her. As she looked round on the hovels, but one room, excepting the loft, and that unfinished, and the few and half-used implements of female industry, her empty purse which she had looked at what she thought had been enough for her and her fortunes, and the intensely isolated, to contain her own habits and manners, and as early as possible to commence the duties of her new station, her husband's family. The other Mr. Freeman was approached, and in kind terms invited her to take off her bonnet and shawl, and to be seated at the table which was spread on the rough boards, and covered with coarse crockery, but with clean and tempting food. Flora made no reply, but sitting at her husband's side, and looking on the table, spread with large pots of wood on the rough boards, and coarse crockery, but with clean and tempting food, she turned away with disgust, and hiding her face in her handkerchief, wept bitterly.

Mrs. Freeman continued gazed and cold toward her husband's family, and refused to join them only home, and ridiculing, with all the eccentric irony of her natural disposition, every thing and every one that offended her, and with her own head of perpetual laughter, which was sometimes heard in the distance, and which was at last only an excuse for not eating, drove her to the Freemans and his mother at last considerably together, and Flora now more bordering the venerable cheek of the old toil-worn mother, but to the from whom she had so recently received the kindness of a mother, and who had now, in the absence of her son, prepared a supper that astonished even Flora, by its variety and delicacy; and the kind look with which the aged woman accompanied the gift of her table, and then meek, good humor would have controlled any heart but hers. She sat sullenly brooding over her own unhappy fate, and that of her husband,